

OUR THIRD PRIZE STORY.

REVENGE:

OR,
THE LIBERTINE'S LAST VICTIM.

A TALE
OF
MYSTERY AND CRIME;

Showing Vice in both the Higher and Lower Circles
of Life.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
(And which took the Third Prize of \$100.)

By FRANCIS H. SHEPHERD, of Davenport, Iowa.

CHAPTER FIRST.

John Rawlings, the Broker, and his First Son's Debt of Honor—Money
Refused—Parental Wrath and Retaliation—Rawlings' Wife and
Children.

"No, sir! not one cent shall you receive to-night; shall my hard
earnings go only to support you and your gaming table? You need
not speak, I will not listen," said the incensed parent, as he noticed
that his son was about to reply. "You have my answer—not one
cent; and until you have so far reformed your evil habits, as to
present yourself to me without the traces of your debaucheries
still on your features, you are not my son. Give you the hard-
earned savings of fifty years to squander among your low companions,
and waste upon play—never! never!" And John Rawlings
wrought his cane down upon the table in a decidedly emphatic
manner.

"Then," said his son as he turned round and looked his father
in the face, "you utterly refuse either to give or lend me the paltry
sum that I have asked you for."

"You have my answer," said his father sternly. "Go earn this
pin as I have done; go work for it—my, stint yourself to save it,
and then when you have accomplished this, see if you will feel like
getting an ungrateful spendthrift waste it for you; throw dollars
away on baubles, and eagles upon a card spot; riot in fast horses;
keep his fast mistress, and support three or four private ones. Yes!
wait till he does this, and you will not blame me because I refused
you."

As the incensed parent spoke with such fearful vehemence he
turned and found he was alone. "How sharper than a serpent's
tongue it is to have a thankless child!" he exclaimed; as he threw
himself into a chair, and then remained for a few moments in deep
thought.

"Now does Charles suppose that I am eternally to bear the brunt of
his gaming scrapes, and foot the bills besides? No! he shall
pay the cat's paw with the old man, as he calls me, no longer. I
will cut him off, disinherit him, make him earn his own living as I
have done, and then he will learn what it is to know the value of
that which he affects to despise. And yet," said the indulgent fa-
ther, as he relapsed into a train of thought, "he is such a noble look-
ing fellow—and on the whole I feel rather proud of him. Even if he
is so wild, I will let me see, \$500! damme, he is extravagant, that
is too much money to throw away; yet, what is that paltry sum in
comparison to the dishonor that he'll undergo if such debts are not
paid? Well, he shall have the money, but, damme, it is the last
time—the very last!" and nodding his head emphatically he took
from his pocket the desired sum, and summoned in his servant.

"Take this to my son," he said, as the servant entered the room.
"Mr. Rawlings has just left the house, sir, and left word he did
not know when he would be home again."

"Humph! just like him; mad because I refused to support his ex-
travagance he goes off and leaves word that he will not return to-
day. Damme, if he shall have the money at all, now!" And drawing himself up to his full height, the old man
grasped his cane and passed out, leaving the wondering and gaping
servant to shut the door after him.

Ere we proceed any farther in our tale, it will be proper to add a
few words in reference to the opening characters in our plot.

John Rawlings was what may be termed a successful broker,
dealing business on a sure two per cent plan in that maze of stock
and change, Wall street. Being married at an early period of life to
a fashionable belle, she ran her race of life out before she had
reached her 25th year, leaving her husband the father and pro-
tector of two lovely children. Debarred the soft and careful
watching of a mother, they had grown up fair types of their posi-
tion—happy, proud, haughty, and beautiful; Charles, fast, contented,
and a gambler—and wherever the pair moved they were the envy
of their circle.

Added to young Rawlings' many accomplishments were the true
financing, graceful actions that bespeak a thorough knowledge of
the arts of society. As a requisite part of their education, they
had been taught to look upon wealth as the sole means of happi-
ness, and had never known why the world in general should be
poor, while they lived in a state of plenty. They never glanced
at the vortex part of that great thoroughfare, at whose head the
church of man lifts its towering flag towards the poor man's
sol. She had never flattered her skirts and satins through the
dingy offices where their father coined his money, or glanced in
the face of the borrower, or the heart of the lender. No! they
were too noble to do that. Their father could toll and worry to
support their extravagance, and they could worry and toll to in-
crease it.

Such is life in this lovely city—and such it will ever be. The
rich starve the poor, and then laugh at the ruin they have made.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Bancroft, the Merchant Prince—\$75,000 Before 3 o'clock—Despair, Al-
most Seeks Rawlings—Cute Business Transactions—Ruined! Ruined!
!—Mourning and Hypocrisy—The Heart of a Devil, the Face of a
Saint.

We will now introduce the reader into the counting room of a
great street merchant; but ere we enter we will glance at the
board gilt sign that spans the entrance. "Edward Bancroft,"
glitters on it. Passing through the stocks and cases of splendid
goods that lay piled up on every side, we enter the counting room
and stand face to face with the merchant prince. There is a deep
shade of gloom upon his features, and as he walks the floor, he
bites his lips, and almost gasps for breath. Why does his eye
stare upon the letter page he holds? Why does he read, and quiver;
tremble, and grow ghastly pale? We will tell you, reader, he is
that day a bankrupt; and that letter, that affects him so strangely,
informs the ruined man, that on that day, his paper had been
thrown from the bank.

As he turned to his desk his eye lighted on a letter, hastily tear-
ing it open, he drew from it a note informing him that his note
fell due that day. With a groan Bancroft sank into a chair and
covering his face with his hands remained for some time in a deep
revery. We know not what thoughts passed through his brain, or
in what way they coursed.

"Every available source is closed against me," he murmured,
"and yet this note must be met at three o'clock!"

For a moment a thought of his home and his loved ones came
over him and the remembrance of them averted him to a task
which he too truly felt was a hard and painful one.

"\$75,000, and before 3 o'clock!" he murmured. "And where is it
to come from? I have been on the borrowing list so constantly, since
I bought that stock of Rawlings, that I am suspected of falling,
and my paper refused discount. Many I must have, or—"

Bancroft did not finish the sentence that had come up for utter-
ance, but compressed his lips tightly while a shadow crossed his
pale face.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet exclaiming, "there is no other
avenue of escape; it must be done!" And summoning his porter
he said, "Patrick, go round to Wall street, and tell Mr. Rawlings to
step round and see me."

The man departed, and Mr. Bancroft turning to his ledger, looked
anxiously over its pages. The messenger entered the counting-
room and delivered the following message—

"Mr. Rawlings sends word, sir, that Mr. Bancroft is well aware
as to the position of his office, he will see you there; at present he
cannot find time to call on you."

Mr. Bancroft started, and would have fallen, had he not sought
the friendly aid of his desk.

"You can retire," he said, waving off the man from his presence,
who was standing roguish in a questioning manner.

Thus his last hope is gone. When a man once takes the down-
ward step, every one of his friends give him a push. Inevitably
have felt this, but I do not, at the earnest solicitation of Raw-
lings, invested the cash that should have gone into my business, in
worthless stock; and now he, who yesterday would fly at my very



JACK McDONALD,

Trainer and Second of John C. Heenan in his Great Fight with Tom Sayers for the Championship of the World.

From a Photograph forwarded to the Editor of the New York Clipper, by McDonald.

nod, coolly orders me to him. He has heard all, he knows my
situation, and is determined to take advantage of it."

As Bancroft spoke he left his store and wended his way to Raw-
lings' office. As he entered he found that gentleman, as the world
goes, calmly sleeping in his huge arm chair, evidently dreaming
how he would bleed the hearts of all who called upon him.

"You wished to see me," said Rawlings, coolly, as Bancroft en-
tered.

"I did, but 'tis only a little matter of business in your line—I
want to procure from you, I fear, a sixty-five thousand dollars
before banking hours," said Bancroft, in as careless a tone as he
could assume.

"Rawlings was a keen judge of human nature, and he quickly
read that underneath the careless tone a world of anxiety was
hidden.

"For bank purposes?" was the broker's reply, as a sinister smile
broke over his face.

"In part, Mr. Rawlings," said Bancroft, who felt not only dis-
pleased at the impertinence of the broker, but at the same time saw
that his words had betrayed his situation.

"Will not less than that amount answer? money is tight now."

Mr. Bancroft felt hurt at the broker's manner. "If you cannot
loan me the amount," he said indignantly, "I will go elsewhere."

"Stop! stop! Mr. Bancroft, you are too hasty. In the first place
inform me as to what amount your liabilities may be."

"\$250,000" was the reply.

"And your assets?"

"\$100,000!"

"Then, of course, you wish me to loan the balance of \$150,000."

"No, sir, not so much. I can meet my present responsibilities
if you only assist me with the loan I've asked."

"And what security will you give?"

The ruined man started; a sickly smile overspread his face as he
answered: "One thousand shares in the Iron Company of France."

"Not worth fifty cents!" was the cool reply.

"My house and lot on the avenue."

"I already hold a mortgage for \$3,000 dollars upon it."

"My furniture and country seat—"

"Enough, Mr. Bancroft; this is all you offer me as security for the
loan of sixty-five thousand dollars—a lot of worthless stock, a mort-
gaged house, and second hand furniture! Really, sir, you are
mad!"

"Stop, Rawlings!" exclaimed Bancroft fiercely. Rawlings did hesi-
tate, for he well knew that the volcano that had long been smouldering
was about to belch forth. But still it did not disconcert him in
the least, for he carelessly leaned back in his chair and leisurely
threw one leg over another.

"Yes! who inveigled me into paying you five thousand dollars
per share for that stock which you, in your own soul, knew was
worthless? Who displayed in glowing terms the beauty of your up-
town house; and finally persuaded me to buy it—only asking one
half down, the balance on a mortgage? Who was it that told me
custom demanded a keeping up of certain styles, and trapped me
into furnishing it in splendor?" "Twas you, John Rawlings! You!

and yet in view of all these things, when I apply to you for money,
and at such a time, you add insult to injury, when you ask for bet-
ter terms than those I give, or demand surer security than the
honor of a house whose name has stood untarnished for over fifty
years."

"Hold, one moment, Bancroft! You are hasty; do you suppose
that you can get a loan for that amount, and at this time upon a
name? Sir, your paper to-day is worthless, where yesterday you
could have wielded thousands. The money is yours the moment
that you can give collateral security."

"Stop, for God's sake, Rawlings! and may he forgive you for what
you have done. May you reflect in after years upon the ruin you
have made, and then remember Bancroft!"

The next moment he was gone.

As the door closed upon him, Rawlings rubbed his hands in glee.

"Another spoke in the wheel gone; by my faith, the work goes
bravely on!"

His revery was interrupted by the entrance of a wretched ber-
gar, behind whom were two gentlemen. Mr. Rawlings started
off, but when he noticed that another eye was on him, he called the
woman to him, and placed a glittering coin within her hand. The
woman's eye lightened, and murmuring her heartfelt thanks, she
left the room. When once outside the door, the beggar looked
upon the coin—'twas a bright, new cent! The smile of hope gave
way to a sigh of grief, as the unfortunate moved away.

"Well, brother Lee," said the brokers, sanctimoniously, as the
door closed upon the beggar, "I'm glad to see you, and I hope the
Lord has prospered you and yours."

The gentleman addressed, drew a long sigh, and answered, "Yes,
brother Rawlings, we are, through his mercy, yet in good enjoy-
ments of his blessings. Would that I could say so much for brother
Screetchout, as he has so declined in health within the past year
that his congregation deem it proper to send him and his family to
Europe to regain it, and knowing your wondrous liberality, (!) we
have called on you to head our list."

"Certainly, gentlemen, I am delighted with the honor that you
pay me," and with a bland smile he reached a pen and headed it
with two hundred and fifty dollars. "And now, gentlemen, what
provision is made for the building of our church in the doctor's
absence?"

"We have collected nearly \$65,000."

"And that lacks—"

"Just \$10,000 of the amount," was the ready reply.

"Then, gentlemen, add my former donation to it and draw on me
for fifteen thousand dollars. Not one word, sir, it is my duty. I
can well afford it; besides, you know, the blessed book of life says:

—The Lord loves a cheerful giver, and for what we give on earth,
the Lord returns in treasures up in Heaven."

"Oh, consistency of human nature! Oh, desecration of all that is
noble! so runs the world. Selfishness and pride walk twin sisters
of wealth. The poor are too laden down while policy dictates in free-
zing tones what the heart shrinks to do."

CHAPTER THIRD.

The Gambling Hall—Bancroft's Son—His Fearful End—Charles Raw-
lings Takes the Body to Ida—The Serpent's Eye on his Victim.

We will now return to Charles Rawlings. We left him, as the
reader well knows, retiring from his father's presence, with anger
burning on his brow, after his unsuccessful appeal for money. As
he descended the steps, one thing was uppermost in his mind, and
that was—he must have the money. This he was determined on.
With rapid steps he walked in the direction of Broadway. The in-
stant he stood in that thoroughfare his eye lightened and his step grew
elastic, for now the man of the world was in his element. Myriads
were the smiles he returned with a bow, as the "fairest of our city's
bellies" rushed past him. Proceeding as far as Canal street, he turned
to his right. Hesitating to see if he was observed, he then as-
cended a dark and dingy pair of stairs, until he arrived on the
third floor. Here he knocked and the door was immediately opened.

The room which he entered was a splendid one; everything that
could tend to luxury was strewn around. Mirrors, that reached
from ceiling to floor, reflected the gorgeous carpets and the mas-
sive furniture. No less interesting were the faces of the visitors
that crowded the rooms. They were of every age and appearance.
Pickpockets, clerks, merchants, fast men, and professional gamblers,
were all here assembled. In different parts of the room, tables
were placed, around which groups were seated, each intensely
watching the banker, as he drew from the pack, card after card.

There was one face that attracted Rawlings' attention. Though
young and handsome, he bore upon his features the unmistakable
evidence of dissipation. There was a shade upon his face as he
watched each card drawn from the pack. As the banker each time
swept away the little sum that he had risked, his brow grew pale,
and he leaned heavily upon his chair, while, with eyes set, he
watched the progress of the play. Once he won. With a con-
vulsive smile, he drew the pile towards him. Not content,
he risked his all upon the ace. Slowly the cards were withdrawn.
With a cry, he sprang to his feet, "swearing that the
cards were stacked. The banker angrily retorted, words passed—
a blow—and the unfortunate man fell heavily to the floor. Every
one stood petrified; cheeks pale, and hearts quailed. Well they
might—there was blood upon the floor—a pale face turned upwards;
and in that place and at that time a soul had passed to the dark
shades of eternity.

There was no effort made to arrest the murderer. Such things
were common; so much so that that community soon forgot all and
tolerated the murder. Rawlings was the only one who seemed to
recover his coolness of mind. Lifting the unfortunate youth to one
side, he covered him over with a stand cloth, and then went in
search of a carriage. In a few moments he returned, and, with
the assistance of those present, the murdered one was carried down
and placed within it. Rawlings seated himself on the box by the

driver, and the next moment the carriage drove off. It was to no
splendid mansion, glittering with wealth, that the unfortunate man
was carried, but to a plain two-story brick house in Wooster street.
I need not describe to the reader the agony of Ida Bancroft, as
the inanimate form of her brother was brought in. Her shrieks for
a moment were heart rending; then nature gave way, and she fell
fainting to the floor.

So soon as the moment was; Rawlings did not hesitate to bend
his eyes upon the lovely face of that now unprotected girl. From
that moment he marked her as his own, and all that he required
was, that he should weave his net, so as to trap, and yet not fright-
en his prey.

As he turned to go, he could perceive that his kindness had not
all been lost on his depicature, though he was not told to call
again, he read at a glance that her eyes urged the welcome more
forcibly than words could speak. He well knew the way to that
sister's love; and ere a friend, he superintended all the solemn acts
in relation to the dead. This laid Ida Bancroft under obligations to
him, which would be difficult for her to throw off. The funeral
was over, and then Charles Rawlings checked to himself how suc-
cessfully he had entwined his victim and already fancied he was
the undivided possessor of her beauty.

Poor, sorrow-stricken one! Little do you dream that fate is
forging link by link, a chain around your destiny. Would that I
could save you from the cloud, that overshadows you like a pall,
but—the chain is of destiny, and too powerful to break by aught of
human good.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Bancroft's Despair—The Sheriff's Office—Home no Home.

When the ruined merchant, Edward Bancroft, left the presence
of the broker John Rawlings, after his unsuccessful appeal,
returned to his store, and gave himself up to the silence of
despair. At one sweep, honor, wealth, name, and station, were all
gone. As he leaned upon his desk, all the varied scenes of his life
passed before him; while the future loomed up as a black pall
which threatened to envelope him forever. Thoughts of his chil-
dren were uppermost in his mind. They, who yesterday could
hold their heads as high as any, to-day beggars; all that he hoped
blasted and gone forever. The thought almost maddened him.
Rising to his feet, he walked the floor back, and back again, never
once heeding the curious eyes of the sheriff's official, who now stood
guard at his door.

Soon the spasm of excitement passed away, and taking his hat he
left the store. His splendid carriage as usual stood at the door, as
he entered it his eye lighted on the Sheriff's seal that looked his
honor on him forever. Deep was the groan that issued from the
merchant's breast; and many an envious eye followed the prancing
steeds and splendid equipage. Yet the one half, had they known of
the secret heart of its occupant, would have shrunk from possessing
what they envied.

As Bancroft entered his palatial mansion, again the old spasm
came over him. Everything seemed to light upon his soul with
bitterness. Without entering the parlor, as was his wont to do, he
ascended to his library and, locking the door, threw himself into a
seat and buried his face in his hands.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Bancroft's Suicide—His Children in Want.

The next day the commercial world was startled by the announce-
ment that Edward Bancroft, the merchant prince, had committed
suicide. Ruin and beggary he could not face, and thus by one act, he
had thrown his lovely daughter, and will, impulsive son, destitute
upon the world. That week they received a warning to quit the
splendid mansion where they had lately dwelt, and they, who never
had known what it was to provide one thing for themselves, were
now thrown dependent on their own labor, without one friend to offer
a word of consolation.

Through the leniency of their father's creditors, they were
allowed a small sum; with this they furnished a humble suite of
rooms, and for a few months barely eeked out a subsistence. Ida
Bancroft, with all that nobleness which a woman alone could, when
in adversity, command; managed to support her brother and herself
by her needle. Edward Bancroft, in all his misfortune, could never
bear to bring his pride down so low as to enable him to look for
work. His sister well knew his frailties, but she never once sus-
pected that their scant means ever found their way into the gaming
hells. Such was the condition of things, when we introduced our
reader to the fatal scene in chapter third.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

Ida Bancroft in her Humble Abode—Charles Rawlings Pursues his
Scheme for her Ruin—His Father's.

Ever since the death of young Bancroft, Rawlings had been a
constant visitor at the late home. He was an engaging and fasci-
nating disposition, Rawlings soon made rapid advances in his suit.
It was at the close of a lovely day, three months after the events
detailed in the third chapter, that Rawlings ascended the steps, and
entered the presence of Ida Bancroft. With a free and careless
step he advanced to the maiden's side and sat down.

"Still working on those sorry socks?" he said, as he took her
hand in his. "It seems to me these little hands were made for bet-
ter things than this hard work. You are more fit to grace the
drawing room, as you once did, than to sit here all day wearing out
your life to procure the scant buns which you once almost
scooped."

"Rawlings, these days are past; adversity has taught me that
we must never repine at our lot; and as long as my fingers are not
pained, I shall continue to ply this needle."

"I admire your spirit, Ida, but do not consider me a flatterer, if
I should say I admire your beauty more." As he spoke he pressed
Ida's hand, who sat looking in his face with a glance half bewitch-
ingly beautiful.

"It is difficult thing to tell when a gentleman flatters and when
he does not. I have no beauty that should attract a gentleman of
wealth and standing—at least, not now. I cannot speak of the past,
for once I had friends who knelt at my feet; made vows that whirled
as sweet as music; and yet, when adversity came, how they
flattered and vanished!"

"Ida," said Rawlings, as he closed his arm around her waist, and
drew her to him, "you cannot apply those bitter words to me. I
knew you in your prosperity; I worshipped you then, but never
lost or whispered one word of love, for fear you'd think I craved
your wealth more than your hand. But when adversity came I was
not one of those summer friends, but flew to your relief, and yet
you say you have no friends!"

"Yes," said the lovely girl, "and from the bottom of my soul I
thank you."

"Then, Ida, there is but one way in which you can reward me,"
and as Rawlings spoke he conveyed her hand to his lips. The hand
trembled, but the blushing maiden did not withdraw it, her whole
senses seemed to swim in one mass of delight, and with tears
streaming from her eyes, she leaned her head upon his shoulder
and sobbed.

Rawlings strained her to his breast, and kissed away the tears as
they chased each other down her cheek. The girl was already in
the lover's net, and already his schemes were lightening.

"In the first place, Ida, I must remove you from here. Let me
take a boarding house near Broadway, your former abode, where I
can visit you and our dear activities (as I fear is now the case),
to my visits a dishonorable motive."

"Way not remove me to your father's house, as your intended
wife? You surely could not grant me a more pleasing place."

Rawlings started—the request came right home to him; then a
smile flitted across his face. Smothered as it was it escaped the
infatuated girl. That is a generous thought, bless you for it! I
know my mother will be glad to see you, and my sisters will
with each other as to the best manner to make you happy. To-
morrow, dearest, I will return and conduct you to my father's
home, and then, all will go merry as a marriage bell."

Thus quelling all her fears, and bringing his scheme still nearer
completion, Charles Rawlings impressed a kiss upon the warm lips
of the lovely girl, and then bade her an adieu.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

May Pitcher Exults—The Frenzied Outrage in Inquiry—May and
Charles—Plans for Ida's Ruin Perfected.

After leaving the presence of Ida, he pursued his way through the
crowded thoroughfares, until he came to one of the many cross
streets that abound in the vicinity of Mercer street. After giving a
hasty glance up and down, Charles Rawlings drew a key from his
pocket, and entered a large three-story house. His coming was wel-
comed by half-a-dozen old looking women, who advanced towards
him with all that freedom that a woman only could assume. But
pushing them aside, Rawlings enquired for Mrs. Pitcher, the keeper
of the house.

"Find her!" said one of the girls as she wheeled herself around,
and then flounced upon the splendid sofa.

"Got her dander up, Nell, because he lost at play last night, or else
some gal that he has tried to humbug has given him his walking
papers?"

Charles Rawlings' face flushed with anger, and pushing the crowd
of women aside he passed from the room.

Sending the first servant that he met for the mistress, he passed
into a private room, and waited her coming. In a few minutes the

DOG DISPUTE IN MONTREAL.—A dog dispute was settled in Montreal, L. C., on the 11th inst., between Mr. Leon Brunneau's dog "Cribb" and "The Butcher's Dog," owned by Mr. Louis LaFamme. Cribb's weight was 62½ lbs.; that of the Butcher's Dog, 60 lbs. The two lasted one hour and twenty minutes, Cribb getting the worst of the battle in the beginning, he brushed up, however, to the end and thoroughly worsted LaFamme's dog. The match was a draw. Last September Cribb also beat a son of Old Boy, same weight, in an hour and a quarter, making him run from the ring. Stake \$40 a side. The owner of Cribb will fight him with any dog in the United States or Canada, for any sum from \$300 to \$600—the fight to take place in Montreal. He will also fight Bass, the mother dog, who, with her own weight (35 lbs.) is the champion for the same weight. Bass and Cribb are of the Blue Parrot Montreal strain. Should any one wish to accept these challenges, a line addressed to L. Brunneau, 17 Vallée street, Montreal, will meet with immediate attention. Montreal, June 28.

THE RING.
GHTS TO COME.

From the Sporting Life, June 23.
THE CHAMPION-HIP

THE FIGHT.

13 and last, Perry came up as greggy as a spent man will be, and almost reeled again as he advanced to the scratch, in pendent of an evident willingness to "fight it out." He received quietus in "no time," for Gus put in a stinger with the left on jaw, and Perry was sent sprawling to mother earth, as helpless a cripple. The shock was so great that he openly declared should "cry a go," as it was to use whatever prolonging the

BALL PLAY.

MATCHES TO COME.

MATCHES TO COME.

ball to left field, but the most reached in a tip, which Pearce, who was in the hole, caught. He then hit the ball with great force to the short stop, and Matt O'Brien held it in fine style, the catch eliciting deserved applause from all. Wauzler then hit the ball rather high, and tipped it into Pearce's hands on the fly. McDonalds, the third striker, then made a good hit to short field, which Matty again stopped, and sent it with accuracy to the short stop. The game was really exciting, and the game at the same time the Athletics beat the victors by three runs only, the result being all creditable, both parties. The game was a well played one throughout, and very close contest, the Putnams making a better stand against the Athletics than they have hitherto done. The pitching and catching on both sides was excellent, both the pitcher and catcher being first class. The game was played in the new position at first base, which was occupied in the fifth innings and retained to the last. Smith

PROBLEM No. 232.—TOURNAMENT No. 47.
BY W. V. V. RAPALJE, M. D.
BLACK.

THE GAME OF CHESS

Richardson.		Leonard.		Richardson.		Leonard.	
1.	P to K 4		P to K 4	22.	B-K B P+		K to his B
2.	P-K B 4		K P x P	23.	Q-K-K Bsq		P-Q 4 (f)
3.	P-K B 3		P-K B 4	24.	K-K B 4		K-K B 4
4.	K-P B 4		K P to K 4	25.	Q-R-K 4 (g)		K-R his 3
5.	P-Q 4		P-Q 3	26.	Q x K t P (h)		Q-Q
6.	P-Q B 3		P-K R 3	27.	K-B Q 3		K-R t sq
7.	Castles		Q-K t-B 3	28.	K x K Q 4		K B K t
8.	Q-Q her K t 3		K-Q 2	29.	K x R+B		K R K R
9.	P-K B 3 (a)		P-K t K 5	30.	K-K B 4		R-K t 2
10.	B-B 2 P 1		K t P x K t	31.	B-R K 6 (f)		K-R his 4
11.	R x B 2 P 1		Q-K t sq (b)	32.	P-Q K t 4		K-B his 2
12.	Q-K t-Q 2		Q-P-K 3	33.	P-K B 2		P-K 5
13.	P-Q 5		Q-K t 6	34.	K-his B 2		B-K B 6
14.	K-K B 2		Q-K B 6	35.	K-his 2		K-his 2
15.	Q-K K sq		P-K R 4	36.	P-Q B 6		R x K t P 1
16.	P-K K 5		Q P x P	37.	R x R P 7		K-Q 3
17.	P-Q 6		B P x P	38.	P-Q B 7		R-Q B 5 (f)
18.	Q-K t-K 4		R P x P (d)	39.	P-Q R 4		R x P 2
19.	R-P P 1		Q-K t-K 3	40.	R x R 2		K x R 2
20.	Q-K B 3		Q-B 3	41.	K-his 3 (g)		the part
21.	K t x K t 1		K t-B B 3 (e)				drawn

Notes.—By P. Richardson.

(a) Andersen considers this attack perfectly sound.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

move with Harry is required.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 21—Vol. VIII.
BY F. RICHARDSON.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 22.—VOL. VIII.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1	2 to 7	5	14	2	22 to 23	23	24

BY MARS.—"LARD AND LADY."			
Black.		White.	
1. 11 to 15	23 to 19	11. 6 to 9	32 to 28
2. 8 11	32 17	12. 17 22	2. 17

3.. 9	13	17	14	13.. 11	16	15	11(e)
4.. 16	17	21	14	14.. 8	15	19	10
5.. 15	14	12	15(e)	15.. 22	22	21	25

Notes by Mars.

(a) 26 23 draws.	(d) 19 23 draws.
(b) 24 19 draws.	(e) <u>LOSER</u> .

(c) 7 10 draws. _____ (f) A beautiful ending.

WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Black to move and win in four moves.

25..10	15		
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND DEFIANCE.			
9..5	14	29	25
10..	5	25	22

MATCH GAME MATCH GAME

WHITE.—J. P. S. Moves since our last. Black. 35. White. 35.

Black.	White.	15	18	19	15
10	28	17	3	4	8
Black to move.				White to move.	

a purse of \$100, between Mr. J. Walker Firth, and Mr. Wilson Scott. The game was 61 chukks, and there was at least \$3000 pending on the result of the match; Mr. Firth backing himself for the main stake and Conrad Lutz, and a man named Miller made the match for the Scotchman. The match went on (with some slight interruptions)

a man called Bob Carnes, whom Conrad Lutz had in the enclosure judge,) until the game stood, Firth 60, and Scott 49, when B

likely to prove the victor. After the fight was over and order restored, Mr. Firth played his quoits, and called on Conrad Lutz to produce his man to continue the game. Conrad Lutz replied "to ——" Mr. Firth called the stakeholder (a James Callender) into the ring, and told him to produce the man who had been off with

tion to this, and told him he claimed the stakes, but no attention was paid to his claim, except that this Mr. Callender said he decided it was a draw, and immediately gave the backers of the Scotch-

win; and afterwards, he should lose; and on the day of the play he gave other parties money to bet for him on the Scotchman, while he was done, and Mr. Callender was made in every case the stakeholder being proprietor of the house where the match came off, thus by his actions proving he was aware that the Scotchman would not

allowed to lose. This conduct on the part of Mr. Callender greatly surprised his friends, of whom he had a host before

84 would be a row. I would like you, Mr. Editor, to give a decision in the matter. Mr. Callender was measuring Judge for both parties, though I do not think he had a right to declare it a draw, without giving them a chance to finish the game. Conrad Lutz had employed a

Carnes to commence the fight; this I can also prove, as well as all statements made by me, and should any of them be disputed, I will send you the affidavits to substantiate them. Yours, FANCY

gaged. If this foreign system of "fair play" is to be introduced here, it had better be known at once, so that the American element may understand how to deal with such transactions. —ED CLIP.]

ONE HUNDRED AND TWO HORSE.—On the 26th ult. William J. Ch...

pell, of Cambridge, Washington Co., N. Y., commenced the task
walking the above number of consecutive hours, without sleep.

with very much.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Measurements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Amusement Profession.

BILL POSTERS UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to.

Albany, N. Y. J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 45-6m
Boston, Mass. Peter Kelly, No. 2 Williams' Court. 9-3m
Pittsburgh, Pa. L. Y. Clark, 45 Fifth street. 45-3m
Terre Haute, Ind. Jacob Rapp, Journal office. 11-3m

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE,

MECHANICS' HALL,
472 BROADWAY, (above Grand street).
OPEN EVERY NIGHT DURING THE SEASON.

The Original and Unparalleled
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.

THE EXCELLENT TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

COMPRISING FIFTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.

The Entertainments consist of: Pleading Songs, Dances, Sayings,
Jokes, Burlesques, Songs, d'Ethiopia, Magic Well, Three
Hunters, Banjo Songs, Quartettes, Melville Jarrell Brothers,
Hop of Fashion, Dances and Tythias, Tythias,
Warblers, Burlesque Circus, Muzard Concerts,
Essence of Old Virginia, and Scenes on the
Plantation, &c.

Under the direction of the celebrated
ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS,
JERRY, NEIL, and O. A. BRYANT.

Doors open at 6 1/2; curtain rises at 7 1/2 o'clock.
Admission..... 25 cents.

MELODEON! 539 BROADWAY.

GRAND COMBINATION OF TALENT THIS WEEK.

Union of the extensive and
TALENTED TROUPE
of the
PHILADELPHIA
and
NEW YORK MELODEONS

At this establishment, consisting of the
LARGEST, MOST VERSATILE,
and

TRULY ATTRACTIVE EXHIBITION

Ever presented to the AMERICAN PUBLIC, embracing as it does,
THE VERY BEST TALENT IN THE COUNTRY.

In every department of POLITE AMUSEMENT.

THE FINEST VOICISTS, THE BEST DANCERS,
THE MOST EXCELLENT ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
THE MOST EXHIBIT GYMNASTS
AND DROLLIST COMEDIANS

Ever congregated in ONE EXHIBITION.

THE MANAGER

Has peculiar satisfaction in announcing to the PATRONS of the
MELODEON this

IMMENSE AMOUNT OF ATTRACTION.

Admission, 15 cents. Orchestra seats, 25 cents.

12 FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor.

SOON! PROFESSOR ANDERSON,

GREAT WIZARD OF THE NORTH,

MONARCH OF ALL MAGICIANS,

NEW RETROUPE OF WONDERES

On his arrival from California. His
GRAND MAGICAL SOIREES

Will be on the same scale of unsurpassed grandeur as when pre-
sented by him in 1861-2, at Metropolitan Hall, the Broadway The-
atre, and Astor Place Opera House. He has recently made a circum-
navigation tour, and after having visited Australia and the Sandwich
Islands, is now in California, where his success has been unprece-
dented in the annals of Pacific Amusements.

On his return to New York his

APPARATUS WILL BE NOVEL AND MAGNIFICENT,
HIS PARAPHERNALIA SUPERBLY GORGEOUS,
and the

ENTIRE ENTERTAINMENT NEW AND ASTOUNDING. 4 1/2

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S

MINSTRELS,

From

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S

OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON,

Are now on their

THIRD ANNUAL TOUR,

Previous to commencing their

FOURTH SEASON IN BOSTON.

On September 1st, 1860.

LOOK AT THE ARMY OF TALENT:

E. Bowers,

Billy Morris,

Johnny Pell,

J. C. Trowbridge,

W. H. Brockway,

E. W. Prescott,

J. S. Gilbert,

Carl Trotman,

Chas. A. Morris,

Fred Wilson,

E. Sutton,

With the above troupe of artists the management contend that

they have the

MOST COMPLETE

MINSTREL COMPANY EVER ORGANIZED.

J. H. SETHEN'S

GREAT AMERICAN OPERA TROUPE,

Established for the rendition of the best Operas, &c., in the English

language, embrace the following splendid Lyric Artists,

forming a Constellation of Stars never before

equaled on this Continent.

ANNE MILNER,

Prima Donna Assoluta.

MISS H. PAYNE,

Second Lady.

ANNE KEMP,

Contralto.

BROOKHOUSE BOWLER,

First Tenor.

F. TOULMIN,

Co-tralto Basso.

MR. KRAFT, Pianist.

The Chorus will consist of the following excellent Vocalists:

MISS BARTON,

MISS GIMBER,

MISS WHELE,

MISS JOHNSON,

MR. BRUNO,

MR. WICKENS,

MR. STANLEY,

MR. WARRIE,

MR. SUDDEN,

MISS ANNIE GIMBER,

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MISS ANNIE GIMBER,

THE MELODEON—Late City Museum,
No. 421 CALLOWHILL STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

The management of this establishment boasts that it is the
CHEAPEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN EXISTENCE.
Every person engaged is a star in his peculiar sphere, and
every charm that Music, Song, Dance, Ballet, Pantomime, and
Mirth of endless variety can impart, constantly impress the mind
of the auditor with new beauties, and make the whole performance
a KALEIDOSCOPE VIVANT which charms with ever varying love-
liness. 9 FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor.

GEO. CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.

THE STAR TROUPE, led by the renowned and versatile

GEORGE CHRISTY,

Appear in a variety of Songs, Dances, Comic Acts, etc., every evening

6 1/2 AT NIBLO'S SALOON, BROADWAY.

CARTON, SPAULDING & MORTIMER'S ORIGINAL AMERICAN VO-

CALETS, are now in the Eastern States. The following is a list of

the company:

J. MORTIMER.....First Violinist and Leader of Orchestra

G. S. CARTON.....Second Violinist and Musical Director

W. B. SPAULDING.....Balladist and Star Harpist

S. E. WILLIS.....Tambourinet and Great Viol and Jester

R. T. HARDY.....Piano Basso, late of the Hardy Family

A. S. ROY.....Comedian and Brother Bones

S. MILES.....Grottesque and Fancy Dancer

J. S. KENT.....Tenor Singer and Star Banjoist

H. CHANNING.....Guitarist and Baritone

13 1/2

DE BAR'S THEATRE, ST. LOUIS—The undersigned having leased

the above Theatre for the Winter Season, will be in New York City

July 7th, to negotiate with first class Stars and stock artists of ac-

knowledgeable ability. W. COWELL,

American House, Philadelphia, June 30.

PROPRIETORS OF FIRST CLASS EXHIBITIONS, Curioities, &c.,

wishing to dispose of their stock, or exhibit, may address ALFRED

CATLEY, Curioities office. 11 4 1/2

PALACE GARDEN, CINCINNATI—Ladies and gentlemen, such as

Comic Dancers, Singers, Negro Minstrels, Magicians, Rope or Wire

Performers, and Jugglers, wishing engagements, or having an at-

traction, will please address G. H. GILBERT,

5-84 Box 1579, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE—Ladies and gentlemen wishing engage-

ments for the season opening about the 1st of September, and con-

tinuing until the 4th of July, will address William Henderson, The-

atre, Pittsburgh. Stars wishing nights will be treated with on liberal

terms. No other theatre in the city. 8 1/2 WILLIAM HENDERSON, Manager.

MISS FANNY T. LA ROSS, leading lady, and recently connected

with Miss Bell Carr's company, also with Pike, of Cincinnati, wishes

to negotiate for an engagement for juvenile parts, or is willing to

make an engagement with an experienced agent. All communica-

tions addressed to 746 Florida street, Philadelphia, will meet with a

speedy response. 10 1/2

TO MANAGERS—Geo. Hutchinson, Tragedian, from the London

and principal Provincial Theatres of G. B. New York, Charleston,

Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Albany, &c., wishes to negotiate with a good

Manager for the fall and winter seasons for "Leading Tragedy."

Is capable of supporting the best Stars in the country. 12 1/2

SEYMOUR REGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 162 Canal street.

The variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire.

Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a

stamp. No business done on Sunday. 5 1/2

METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Detroit, to rent by the night, week,

or season, on moderate terms—is well stocked with scenery, &c.,

and is the only theatre in the city. Application to be made to

10 1/2 JAMES SHELDON, Detroit Michigan.

SAMUEL W. GULICK, Scene Artist, is now open for engagements.

Address above, to Indianapolis, Ind. 12 3/4

T. M. TYRRELL, TRAGEDIAN AND COMEDIAN, is prepared to ne-

gotiate with managers for the fall and winter seasons. Address Box

4731, O., North Atleborough, Mass., till July 31st, or CHARLES S.

BERNARD & Co., 436 Broadway, New York. 12 1/2

\$3000 A YEAR, OR MORE, can be made by any good business man.

As I am about going to Indianapolis to engage in another business

I will sell my interest in the best established company ever in New

England, known as Myers & Boniface's Dramatic Company. For par-

ticulars, address J. C. MYERS, Rockport, Maine. 13 1/2

D. S. WAMBOLD has concluded his engagement with Morris

Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels. Managers desiring his

services, can address him at No. 70, Brunswick street, Newark,

N. J. 13 1/2

I SHOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM W. CONRAD, with Bailey's Circus.

Place address MR. F. KONIG, 86 Cannon street, New York.

13 1/2

I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE THE B. SANDS' CIRCUS IS.

Place address CHARLES CONRAD, 86 Cannon street, New York.

13 1/2

BANJO TAUGHT BY J. BOGAN, 168 Forsyth street, near Riving-

ton street, 31 fl.; give him a call. 12 1/2

32- We have letters for Mrs. Matt Peel, Miss Annie Josephs, W.

W. Canning, and W. Cowell.

32- We have letters for M. N. Canning, R. B. Buck, comedian.

CITY SUMMARY.

Monday, July 9.

The excitement of all excitement is passed, and for the coming

months, we must find content ourselves with that always con-

spicuous on a Friday night, the opening of new forms of pleasure.

stands alone in the appeal it makes to the national heart, come to

us on the Wednesday of last week, and was welcomed as no other

day ever is welcomed, with an enthusiasm apparently rampant,

we dare say, to people of less impulsive natures than our own, but

yet due to the historic surroundings of the anniversary. We can

remember many returns of the day, and it strikes us that each has

been an improvement on its predecessor, so far as the amount and

variety of the celebration are concerned; and the same impression

we have always found resting on the minds of our seniors, not for-

getting that distinguished individual, the "oldest inhabitant." The

causes for this are obvious. First, it has been an increase in the

population; then, the accumulating facilities for transit on both

land and water; and, again, the opening of new forms of pleasure,

taking the inevitable result, being, if not more heartiness and

patriotism individually, a great deal more of their outward expres-

sion. Of the recent Fourth, we may say that, while it lacked

nothing of the inward warmth distinguishing its predecessors, its

signs and symbols to the eye and to the ear were in the advance of

similar things characterizing the past. Indeed, we could not but

be struck by the idea that all the world had been turned in

to one grand arena, and that all the people had become the

actors in a thrilling drama of reality. All that, in counter-

terfeit, is presented at our theatres and other places of

public amusement, ordinarily, seemed, on the Fourth, to

have been changed into positive life. We had the busy

action of throngs of people, their happy looks, and the expression

of what they thought—all indicative of the drama; we had also

the inevitable result, being, if not more heartiness and

patriotism individually, a great deal more of their outward expres-

sion. Of the recent Fourth, we may say that, while it lacked

nothing of the inward warmth distinguishing its predecessors, its

signs and symbols to the eye and to the ear were in the advance of

A gala occasion. Fifty-three bouquets were thrown upon the stage, besides a large flower basket, with a bundle suspended from it, which contained an expensive silk dress. She was also the recipient of a set of jewelry in pearls, diamonds and a diamond ring. The most beautiful of the charming bouquets left the stage with arms full of flowers. At the termination of the performance, Miss Bishop was called before the curtain, and in answer to the cheering, she bowed to the audience to the following pertinent little speech:—My dear friends, I must decline to deliver a speech, for the very reason that it is completely out of my line of business. Nevertheless, I assure you, that I feel gratified at this opportunity of thanking you for your presence this evening, and promise you that I shall ever earnestly endeavor to merit your regards and approbation.

Hooley and Campbell's great troupe of Minstrels having concluded their Providence engagement, are now performing at the Boston Museum, having the field to themselves.

The National, Cincinnati, was opened for three nights last week, with Master Alfred Stewart as the attraction. The people didn't sign out, however, and the speculation was "thrown up."

Frank R. Vore's Philadelphia Monodrama has closed for repairs and improvements. The season was a great success.

The Whittaker family are giving circus performances at Woodville Park, Philadelphia. Tom King is in the party.

The French Opera Troupe, from New Orleans, are at the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

On the 4th, a portion of the tribe of Tonawanda Indians were in Rochester, under the leadership of their chief Isaac Dotson, or Howenono. An instrumental band accompanied them, comprising some young men of the tribe, and played several pieces. On the 5th, they had a celebration at Clifton Springs, and on the 7th, took their departure for Batavia. The reserve of the tribe is in Genesee County.

Miss Isabelle Freeman, who has been performing with Mr. Pancher's company, at Bazar, made her first appearance since her return at the Boston Athenaeum, on the 5th, as Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons," the part of Claude being taken by Mr. Adams.

The day it was evident, had come back to her former friends with all good qualities enhanced—looking prettier than ever, and singing more truthfully. Quite an interesting little incident marked the cottage scene, where Claude points to the picture of Pauline, which, on this occasion, represented Miss Freeman as Juliet. The error of dress was forgotten in the likeness to the fair original.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION met at 50 Chatham St., Wednesday evening. E. S. GRAHAM, President. [43m]

GEORGE JORDAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION met Wednesday evening at Stouven House, 252 Bowery. TOM KREMER, President.

THE AVONITES meet every Monday evening at 152 West 18th Street. HARRY EAMES, President. 23m

RISEING STAR met Wednesday evening. Communications to be addressed to Wm. C. MILLER, Secretary, Box 1422 D. 103.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION—At the fourth semi-annual election of the club, the following members were elected for the ensuing term:—E. S. Graham, President; Geo. Desoye, Vice President; T. J. Raymond, Secretary; Lewis P. Warth, Treasurer; T. F. Wallace, Stage Manager; M. Beatty, Assistant Manager.

STUDY THEATRE—The Halycon Dramatic Association will perform at the Stadt Theatre, on the 10th inst., for the benefit of Mr. N. Pitt.

DRAMATIC HALL—A benefit is on the tapis for Mr. John Ferguson, graduate of the Marston Club. Mr. F. has just returned from Canada, where he performed at the various theatres. The proposition is to Mr. F. is in the hands of several prominent amateurs.

STILLMAN TESTIMONY—At a recent meeting of the A. H. Davenport Dramatic Association arrangements were made for a performance at Dramatic Hall, on the 25th inst., to be given for the benefit of Mr. G. V. Stillman. The programme selected for the occasion comprises three light pieces, to which will be added a grand Ballade.

AMATEURS IN PHILADELPHIA—The Wm. Wheatley Dramatic Association is the title of a recently organized dramatic society in the Quaker City. The opening entertainment will supply a lack of place at Franklin Hall, when the "Gun Maker of Moscow" will be performed.

The amateurs of New Harmony, Ind., have, we hear, a very pretty little theatre, which is well attended—the ladies of the place being partial to dramatic entertainments. It has been fitted up by an old stage carpenter of the name of Pritchard. As a similarity of the town, it is stated that no lawyer is to be found within its bounds!

The Joseph JEFFERSON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION perform at the Broadway Boulevar, on the 12th inst. A good bill is offered to the public gratis.

BALL PLAY.

LOVE STAR vs LIVE OAK—An interesting game at base ball was played on the 4th inst., at the Fair Grounds at Rochester, N. Y., between the above clubs. It was one of the most warmly contested ball games ever played in that section, and resulted in a draw. The game was played for the Love Star Club. The umpire selected for the occasion, Samuel Porter, Jr., of the Washington Club, acquitted himself with marked credit, discharging the duties of his position with the unequalled satisfaction of both clubs. The score exhibits superior batting on the side of the Love Star. The splendid catching by Mosher, pitching by Willis, and fielding at 1st base by Mosher, were most favorably spoken of. How far the result of the game may be attributed to the accident, or disqualification, which fell Loder, pitcher of the Live Oaks, on the innings, when he retired in consequence of the lameness of his wrists, when the score stood even, is a matter of opinion. His place was supplied by Ellerbeck, and on the 6th innings the Love Stars made seven tallies. After then resuming play, on the 8th innings the Love Stars made 11 tallies, running their score to thirty. On the 8th innings of the Live Oaks that club gave up the game, acknowledging a defeat, the score standing as annexed:—

BATTING. LIVE OAK.

NAMES. H. L. RUNS. NAMES. H. L. RUNS.

Willis, 3d base.....4 3 Bardsley, left field.....4 1

Hines, pitcher.....4 3 Hines, 3d base.....3 0

Ammond, short stop.....4 2 Dally, centre field.....2 3

Shoofield, 1st base.....2 4 Hartman, 2d base.....4 1

Ammons, 2d base.....4 1 Whittlesley, short stop.....3 1

Johnson, catcher.....2 3 H Putnam, 1st base.....2 2

Bohrer, right field.....2 0 G Loder, catcher.....1 3

Esner, left field.....1 3 E A Loder, pitcher.....1 3

Dams, centre field.....2 3 Ellerbeck, right field.....3 1

Total.....24 Total.....14

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th

Love Star.....0 2 3 4 7 3 3-24

Live Oak.....1 4 0 1 5 2 1-14

FIELDING.

Fly. Bound. 1st Base. 2d Base. 3d Base. Foul.

Willis.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Hines.....1 2 2 Hines.....0 0 0

Ammond.....0 0 0 Dally.....0 0 0

Shoofield.....0 0 0 Hartman.....0 0 0

Ammons.....0 0 0 Whittlesley.....1 0 0

Johnson.....0 0 0 Putnam.....0 0 0

Bohrer.....0 0 0 G Loder.....0 0 0

Esner.....0 0 0 E A Loder.....0 0 0

Dams.....0 0 0 Ellerbeck.....1 0 0

Total.....6 9 9 Total.....3 12 9

HOW PUT OUT.

Fly. Bound. 1st Base. 2d Base. 3d Base. Foul.

Willis.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Hines.....1 2 2 Hines.....0 0 0

Ammond.....0 0 0 Dally.....0 0 0

Shoofield.....0 0 0 Hartman.....0 0 0

Ammons.....0 0 0 Whittlesley.....1 0 0

field not entitling him thereto. He finally made his other bases and reached home. Smith then struck a high ball, which was well taken on by Longhery on the fly, and Pratt followed suit by going out on a fly, Litzberg taking the ball behind on the bound. Clark then hit a low ball to right field and made his 1st base easily, and Wood gave him his run by making a home run from a really good hit to right field, his run being the 5th and last of the innings, as Teneair was the third man out, being caught by Litzberg from a high foul ball. Munn then took the bat on the part of the Equity club and by a high ball to right field, which Teneair missed on the fly, he made his 1st base, and was sent home by Litzberg's strike. C. Shantz having in the meantime tipped out, Boyce catching the ball behind on the bound. Litzberg's hit gave a chance for a catch to Conover, but he failed to take it, and Litzberg made his 1st base, and finally reached home on a passed ball. Daniels hit a high foul ball, which was well taken by Boyce on the bound, after which, seven strikers successively made runs, the majority, on poor hits, Parker, F. Shantz and Litzberg being the only exceptions, they batting well for their runs in this inning. All were, however, assisted by very poor fielding. Mahoney, Pratt, and Wood, each being charged with poor times in catching, there being also some rather wild throwing. Daniels was the 4th that struck twice in this inning, and a second time he went out on a foul ball, caught on the bound by Boyce, the innings closing with a score of 9 runs for the Equity Club to 5 of the Winona. Both parties occasionally showed some good play in fielding and batting, but on the whole they were far behind the excellence we are accustomed to see. But we doubt not that the same amount of practice, and experience that our first class clubs in this vicinity have had, will be as fruitful of good results to the Philadelphia friends as it has been here. We also think that if the Philadelphia players were to get up a match between a picked nine of their clubs, and the first nine of one of our leading clubs of Brooklyn or New York, it would tend to advance the progress of the game in Philadelphia amazingly, and also give them a better insight into the laws of the national game, which as yet, we think, they are not so possessed of. We noticed two commendable points in their play on the above occasion, one being the gentlemanly conduct of the players one to the other throughout the match, and the other the prompt acquiescence of all in the very important decisions of the Umpire, who discharged his duty creditably from first to last.

Both clubs labored under the disadvantage arising from a very poor ground, the field on which this match was played, being totally unfit for a ball ground, even if the high grass with which it is surrounded were removed. Among the number of spectators present we observed with pleasure the worthy President of the famous Atlantic Club of Brooklyn, the champion club of the State, so far, who was an interested looker-on during the first three or four innings. Before we close we must acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Swan, of the Winona Club, and Mr. C. Shantz, of the Equity, for polite attention. We append the score:—

BATTING. WINONA.

NAMES. H. L. RUNS. NAMES. H. L. RUNS.

Boyce, catcher.....2 5 Munn, 1st base.....4 6

Mahoney, centre field.....3 5 C. Shantz, centre field.....5 6

Conover, 3d base.....2 5 Litzberg, pitcher.....1 8

Smith, short stop.....2 5 Daniels, pitcher.....6 4

Pratt, 1st base.....4 4 Crowell, right field.....0 10

Clark, 3d base.....2 5 Parker, 3d base.....2 6

Wood, pitcher.....3 4 F Shantz, 1st base.....3 7

Teneair, right field.....4 4 Longhery, left field.....2 7

Swan, left field.....4 3 H Shantz, short stop.....4 5

Total.....39 Total.....59

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th

Winona.....1 12 2 0 0 6 13-39

Equity.....2 6 8 17 0 5 12-69

FIELDING.

Fly. Bound. 1st Base. 2d Base. 3d Base. Foul.

Boyce.....3 8 0 Munn.....0 0 0

Mahoney.....0 2 0 C Shantz.....0 1 0

Conover.....2 0 1 Litzberg.....0 7 0

Smith.....2 1 0 Daniels.....0 4 0

Pratt.....1 0 0 Crowell.....0 0 0

Clark.....0 1 0 Parker.....0 0 0

Wood.....2 0 0 F Shantz.....0 0 5

Teneair.....0 0 0 Longhery.....3 0 0

Swan.....0 0 0 H Shantz.....2 0 0

Total.....10 12 4 Total.....5 12 7

HOW PUT OUT.

Fly. Bound. 1st Base. 2d Base. 3d Base. Foul.

Boyce.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Mahoney.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Conover.....1 0 0 0 0 0

Smith.....1 0 0 0 0 0

Pratt.....1 0 0 0 0 0

Clark.....0 0 1 0 0 0

Wood.....0 0 1 0 0 2

Teneair.....0 0 1 0 0 3

Swan.....0 0 1 0 0 3

Total.....5 2 5 2 0 10

Total.....7 4 3 1 0 11

Passed balls on which bases were run—Litzberg 3, Boyce 5.

Home runs—Longhery 2, Munn 1, Wood 1. Struck out—Pratt 1, Teneair 1, Munn 1. Run out between bases—Pratt 1.

Umpire—J. Warner, of the Athletic Club.

Scorer—For Winona, H. Y. Swan; for Equity, J. H. Beitel.

EXCELSIOR, OF BROOKLYN vs. NIAGARA, OF BUFFALO.—The contest between these clubs at Buffalo on the 5th inst., resulted as follows:—

BATTING. EXCELSIOR.

NAMES. H. L. RUNS. NAMES. H. L. RUNS.

Pearshall, 1st base.....4 3 Higgins, 2d base.....4 0

Whitting, 2d base.....4 5 F Sidway, pitcher.....5 1

Young, 3d base.....2 6 Lora, 1st base.....3 2

Leggett, pitcher.....1 3 Burt, short stop.....4 2

Russell, catcher.....1 8 G Wardwell, centre field.....2 3

Pohlemus, centre field.....5 4 Bishop, right field.....2 3

Holder, left field.....2 6 W Wardwell, 3d base.....0 4

Brainerd, right field.....3 6 Sage, catcher.....2 3

Total.....50 Total.....19

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th

Excelsior.....4 2 4 10 24 1 1 3-50

Niagara.....1 0 0 5 4 0 5 4-19

FIELDING.

Fly. Bound. 1st Base. 2d Base. 3d Base. Foul.

Pearshall.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Whitting.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Young.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Leggett.....3 2 0

Russell.....1 0 0

Pohlemus.....1 1 0

Holder.....1 1 0

Brainerd.....2 0 0

Total.....14 7 6

HOW PUT OUT.

Fly. Bound. 1st Base. 2d Base. 3d Base. Foul.

Pearshall.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Whitting.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Young.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Leggett.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Russell.....1 1 0 0 0 0

Pohlemus.....2 1 0 0 0 0

Holder.....2 0 0 0 0 0

Brainerd.....1 2 0 0 0 0

Total.....7 11 4 3 2 5

Total.....12 8 5 1 0 6

Passed balls on which bases were run—Leggett 5, Sage 11.

Home runs—Excelsior 2, Niagara 1.

Umpire—Frank Whiting, of the Excelsior Club.

Scorer—For Excelsior, Richard Oliver; for Niagara, H. M. Gaylord.

BASE BALL IN BALTIMORE.—On the morning of the Fourth, the members of the Excelsior Club, of Baltimore, arose early and played a match at base ball between themselves, the red caps being pitted against the blue caps, the number on each side being eight. The blue caps gained the victory, according to the score appended:—

RED. BLUE.

NAMES. H. L. RUNS. NAMES. H. L. RUNS.

Henry Shrive, catcher.....3 4 E. G. Pittman, catcher.....3 3

D. C. Woods, pitcher.....2 4 Geo. H. Beam, pitcher.....5 3

J. M. Drill, 2d base.....3 3 T. J. Mitchell, short.....2 6

Satterfield, centre field.....5 0 E. B. Glenn, centre field.....4 4

H. M. Smith, 1st base.....5 1 J. W. Walker, left field.....4 3

Courtney, left field.....5 2 J. W. Massie, 2d base.....3 2

W. D. Shurtz, 3d base.....5 3 B. McSherry, 3d base.....2 2

A. P. Woods, short.....0 3 B. Hazzett, 1st base.....3 2

Total.....20 Total.....27

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th

Red.....1 0 0 5 7 0 3 0-20

Blue.....5 1 0 6 1 6 7 0-27

BASE BALL AT MEDFORD, MASS.—The Bowdoin B. B. C. of Boston, spent the national holiday at Medford, and played a match game of base ball with the club of that town, by invitation of the latter, whose members are anxious to book themselves up in the science of the game. The Bowdoin were victorious, and after the match they were invited to a handsome sit down, in which they played on the same side with their former adversaries. The Bowdoin were exceedingly pleasant one, talking well with the spirit of both clubs, and we hope that scores of such friendly trials may follow. The Medford Club has got the stuff in it sure to succeed in the "home run."

EXCELSIOR, OF BROOKLYN vs. VICTORY, OF TROY.—These clubs played together on the grounds of the latter, at Troy, on the 31st inst., with the following result:—

BATTING. EXCELSIOR.

NAMES. H. L. RUNS. NAMES. H. L. RUNS.

Young, 3d base.....4 1 Hegeman, 3d base.....4 0

Russell, short stop.....3 2 Curtis, pitcher.....4 0

Pohlemus, centre field.....4 1 Crombie, short stop.....2 3

Whitting, 2d base.....4 1 Wickmire, 1st base.....1 2

Brainerd, right field.....2 1 McDonald, long field.....3 0

Leggett, catcher.....1 3 Delavare, 3d base.....3 1

Holder, long field.....3 2 Mealy, centre field.....3 1

Creighton, pitcher.....1 3 Follet, catcher.....3 0

Pearshall, 1st base.....2 1 Martin, right field.....4 0

Total.....13 Total.....7

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th

Excelsior.....3 1 0 2 0 0 1 0-13

Victory.....1 0 0 2 0 3 0 0-13

FIELDING.

Fly. Bound. 1st Base. 2d Base. 3d Base. Foul.

Young.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Russell.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Pohlemus.....0 0 0 0 0 0

Whitting.....3 1 1 0 0 0

Brainerd.....2 0 0 0 0 0

Leggett.....2 0 0 0 0 0

Holder.....1 0 0 0 0 0

Creighton.....1 0 0 0 0 0

Pearshall.....3 1 2

Total.....17 7 3

HOW PUT OUT.

Fly. Bound. 1st Base. 2d Base. 3d Base. Foul.

A WELCOME HOME TO JOHN C. HEENAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

Columbia's Hero, in the merry ring,
Came back again to thy dear native land—
While Freedom's banner gallantly wing,
And truthful hearts extend the welcome hand.
Thou hast achieved high honors and noble gain;
And proved thy science, skill, and noble game;
America will hold thy memory dear,
And ever cherish John C. Heenan's name.

"Fair play is a jewel," is an adage stale,
And blotted out from Britain's sea girl tale;
"The best man wins," a myth and idle tale
That only causes knowing ones to smile.
To gain the best you crossed the briny sea,
And sign defiance to old England's foe;
When you gave a substitute to them,
The gallant champion of the Western World.

And since the day when graceful Johnson shone
The mightiest master of the many art,
Each honest Briton must pronounced own
That none have played a nobler, braver part.
Thou art an artist, in the strictest sense,
Thy motto ever "No word as fall"—
And Britain learns that in the present tense,
As in the past, Columbia's sons prevail.

A nation's welcome to thy native home—
The land of mighty lakes and forests wide,
Whose flag the emblems of night's starry dome,
Uplifts triumphant to the wind and tide—
Whose granite walls and mighty ramparts old,
Whose cataracts can hush the thunder's roar,
Whose wondrous tongue or pen have never told—
A nation's welcome to thy native shore.

THE
INVISIBLE THIEF.

A TALE OF LONDON AND NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY H. L. ROGERS,

Author of "Twice Dead," "The Broken Promise," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

The Alarm—A Misdemeanor—The Detective and His Prisoner—The Tomb—
The Supper of a Miserable—The Drunken Bar-Tender—The Discom-
fited Detective.

We waited two minutes, enjoying, by anticipation, the rage and
disappointment of the officer, whose ears were suddenly startled by
the words: "I have him," followed by a confused sound of strug-
gling and cursing.

"Good God!" murmured my uncle; "did you not say he escaped?"
"Be quiet," I replied; "this is a mistake."
The next moment Blinks appeared at the opening, bearing a body
in his arms; in his hand, he held the lamp, and the whole party
was plunged into total darkness.

"Is that you, dear?" cried Timothy.
"Yes—this is all in." I replied.
My uncle was on the point of rushing forward, but I held him back,
confident that the genuine Jim was already safe.

"Let me go, go—your gizzard, let me go," yelled the captive.
"Who can he have got hold of?"
"Help, boys, help," vociferated the prisoner.
Blinks dragged him across the yard, and, with the aid of Gludd,
got him into the street, the fellow cursing and swearing at the top
of his lungs.

"You will go with me to the Toms," said the detective to Joe
and myself.
"Make haste," said Gludd, "for all Cherry street will be down
upon us."

In truth, there was no time to be wasted; men and women were
gaping curiously at us from the windows, and bricks and chamber
utensils began to fall capriciously about our heads; the mobocracy
were around. Grasping each a shoulder, the officer and his man
hurried their victim along at a rate of speed which bade fair to
save all danger of a rescue behind. This proceeding saved them from
interference, and, as we passed along Chatham street, the in-
sult was no longer audible. A policeman was pacing on his beat
there, and even dared to learn what we were about.

"Hello, Blinks, who have you snared?"
"Jim Fagan," replied the officer.
"You always were a fortunate fellow."
We hastened on, and he probably concluded his speech to the
sweep post.

"This will be a bad thing for Timothy; I'm sorry for him, but it was
cousin to risk so much as such small security as the case afforded."
"I thought Jim was already out of the country," said Joe.
"His mist have been in use to think he could avoid arrest in New
York."

"I hope," continued Parley, "that you will acquit my friend and
myself of all complicity in the affair. I never was more astonished
in my life than when you pulled the rascal out."
"You certainly did not hinder me in my duty."
"Bless you! nothing could tempt us to do that. It was as good
as a play to see how you unseated him. The theatres will dramatize
it—they dramatize everything now—the bloodthirsty murder-
er, the scheming brother, the pitiless blind dog, and the bold po-
liceman; the whole terminating with a grand display of fireworks,
and a giggle erected in the distance. You will become famous
among the 'patent actors' and 'patent gals'; none are quicker to dis-
cover a merit, or to give bravery its reward. You are, indeed, a
man to be envied."

"I see," said Parley, "that you are a man of the world. A prison at mid-
night, with reflections it coagulates up. In slumber, the criminal
has thrown off the shackles of crime, and the recollection of its
punishment; the stern tones of the Judge no longer ring in his ears,
but voices familiar long before, bring back the memories of inno-
cence, and wait him, in imagination, to the time when his heart
was pure and untainted, and his hand bloodless; the darkness of his
cell mingles away before the sunshine of the past, in whose warmth
he thinks himself as happy as of old, and shouts in his sleep, or
murmurs, as when a boy, the name of 'mother.' Sacred name!
whose influence time nor suffering can dispel—which casts a ray of
light on the darkest hour, and chases the soul when life itself is fa-
ding. But these dreams of horror, as well as of happiness, re-
turn in often standing at the bedside, opening to the sight the
pages of sin, and pointing out each flaming passage as it is record-
ed in the volumes of eternity; or the murdered is stalking grimly
by, with uplifted arm, bidding the culprit despair of pardon, till
overcome by agony and fear, he leaps from his couch and paces the
damp floor, praying for the beams of morning.

What a wonderful enchantress is sin! In youth she glides before
us, radiant with light, luring us on to pleasure and excess; throwing
us as we follow her in her tracks. She promises everything, and, for a
time, fulfills the promise. But her beauty fades even as we follow her,
her charms wither, and her eye is dimmed, till the conviction
breaks upon us that we have obeyed the beck of a skeleton instead
of a siren, and that the hand which has led us on, is the hand of
death, and that the voice which has lured us on, is the voice of the
devil, and that the phantom of our guilt ever
crouching at our side. What is gained by crime? Does it bring
wealth? I venture to say that few criminals die rich. The body is
often endangered by the efforts made to get money unlawfully; the
limbs broken, and liberty wrested from us; we are never at ease,
never satisfied, but fearful of justice, restless in our habits, and
seeking, by dissipation, to drown misfortune. The ranks of crime are
generally recruited from the lower and uneducated classes, where-
as, to be at all successful in the business, a man must have some
education, tact, and talent. Not only must he be able to com-
mit burglary, but also know how to divert suspicion from himself.
I am really sad when I look around, and find how few are the
sharps who thoroughly understand their trade; they are much in-
ferior to the bank and railroad presidents, and, until institutions
are established to induct them into the mysteries of the art, they
will remain so. Philanthropists! come forward; expend a couple
of millions for this praise-worthy end, and whole generations of
burglars and swindlers will celebrate your generosity.

On knocking at the front door, the sounds of keys and bolts
were heard, and, after a few questions had been put and answered,
we were admitted. The supposed murderer, terribly intoxicated,
was carried into the office into which my pass had been inspected
by the gentleman in green goggles, and the same functionary now
received us. Several officers were clustered around, all anxious to
know what was on the carpet at such an early hour in the morning.

"Is Blinks," said a turnkey, "what is it?"
"A prize, Jim Fagan," replied the officer.
The man in goggles, whose name was Simpson, crushed forward.
"Bring him to the light. Dead drunk, ain't he? You wouldn't
have taken him if he had been sober."

"Dead or sober, it is all one to me."
"You lie, I said drunk," broke the murderer. "I call it a lie—
I shan't take a fellow out of bed at this time—time of night."
"That's not Fagan's voice," said one.
"You're made a blunder, Blinks," added another.

The head of the drunken man was lifted up, exposing the pale
and bloodshot eyes of my uncle's bar-tender, Mike, who
glared stupidly about him, trying to discover where he was.
"Sold," said the detective, "he's the fellow!"
Simpson burst into a roar of laughter, in which he was ably se-
conded by Joe Parley and the turnkeys.

"What a splendid termination for our play," said Joe.
Blinks looked as if he would like to eat the speaker.

"How long is this fooling going to last?" stuttered the bar-tender;
"I'll have the law of you if you don't let up on it."

"I think I may say the case; the charge is proved!"
Joe and I looked at each other and returned to Cherry
street in triumph. When he had partly regained his scattered
senses he told us that he had been to the theatre, and indulged too
freely in liquor; staggering home, he entered at the private door to
evade the anger of Timothy, and unconsciously wandered to the
cave to sleep of the effects of his carouse, little expecting the dance
it would entail upon him.

CHAPTER XXI.

Prostitution and its Causes—The London Abolitionist—Mrs. Syn-
dney Inquired for—The Brawl again—A Noble Warning—Hot
Corns—The Fight—The Capture.

Three months had fled away since the burglary, during which
Hammond had retired from the hotel at Fairdale, and my father
embarked for Liverpool. Montcherie had been confined to his bed
for six weeks, and had therefore taken no steps to recover his
money, or to revenge himself on those who had dispossessed him
of it.

By degrees, Mrs. Sydney's establishment had become one of the
most frequented and fashionable resorts of its class in the city, and
the personal charms and suave manner of the fair hostess, con-
tributed, in no small degree, to this prosperity; night after night,
merchants, lawyers, and politicians lounged through the parlors till
the place resembled rather the levee of some eminent lady to whom
all were anxious to do honor, than a mansion devoted to unhal-
lowed pleasures.

The girls, if not themselves witty, were the cause of wit in others,
and nowhere in the whole metropolis could a leisure hour be spent
more agreeably than in listening to the lively and varied conver-
sation often heard at Mrs. Sydney's. No open breach of decorum was
ever permitted within the walls, nothing being uttered in the public
rooms that could offend the morality of the most fastidious. The
class who patronized the house, moved among the upper circles of
society, and its feminine inmates were well-schooled and intelligent,
conscious that forwardness and vulgarity would be severely re-
primanded by their mistresses. Indeed, they lived like a well-conducted
(not to say happy) family, and behaved towards each other with all
the grace and good nature of sisters.

Fair and pleasant are the ways of vice. The student of human
nature wandered here in the pursuit of knowledge—to gain an in-
sight into the working of this abode of iniquity, and, whatever the
world may say to the action, he was right and sagacious in
doing so. He that is unacquainted with what is living and
breathing around him, belongs to a former age; for, no matter how
exalted our standing in the community, there is no portion of
our fellow-beings, however fallen and degraded, from whom we
may not glean something that will still farther mature our intellect,
and lay bare new fields of information and instruction.

If children must avoid anything, tell them what it is—point out
the shame and infamy that cling to such and such a course—keep
them not in darkness and uncertainty, or they will rush into the
very evil of which you neglected to warn them. How many would
avoid the deeds which hurl us to eternal misery, were not the pains
and terrors of hell staring them in the face—had they not been im-
bued with the thought of the agony endured forever in the kingdom
of darkness?

If we merely say, "do this, or you will be numbered among the
lost," without explaining the nature of the work, we render the
changeless suffering it signifies—not one would be deterred from
sin by the mere mention of it. There is nothing in the name itself,
but much in the thing to which the name is given; heaven might
have been called hell, yet it would not have been less lovely; hell
might have been called heaven, yet it would not have been less
hideous.

Why will ministers and magistrates speak from pulpits and benches
against prostitution and its vices, without fully understanding
the subject? Have they ever beheld it as it is? not as it is re-
presented to be? Have they ever visited a "house of ill-fame," against
which they fulminate so eloquently, and, as they imagine, so logi-
cally? "Put it down," they say. Put what down? They are talk-
ing of an imaginary thing, not the real one. What do they know
of that great necessary evil, prostitution? Let them throw aside
their exclusiveness—mingle with the people they condemn un-
heard—learn what they are, and what make them what they are, and
on this knowledge they might base their plans for lessening the evil.

Could we see all the tears, all the patient endurance of many of
these women before they were enrolled in the battalions of shame,
would we not rather weep, and wonder how they repelled tempta-
tion so long, than spit out our venom and invectives at their wicked-
ness? The girl who flouts boldly past us on the street, in rich
shawl and gaily bonnet, may have sat at the bedside of a sick
parent, hearing her cries for food, unable to shelter her from the
biting cold, or wet her parched lips with a drop of water, till, in
very desperation, she started out and sold herself to the first bidder.

"One winter night her mother lay
Bleeding, faint and weak,
The breath of life quick ebbed away,
The freshness left her cheek.
Her pleading eye with hunger burned,
God! then, her daughter fled
Into the darkness, silent, returned
With food, to find her dead."

Where were the minister and the magistrate then? Bless your
innocence, the first was probably receiving a span of horses from
his parishioners, and the second, a contribution to an "alms-house
inner." "Can't give you anything to do," says the person who
have no character, can't give you anything to eat, it would en-
courage begging; and straightaway he denounces the beggar,
although he himself refuses to aid him in earning his bread by
honest labor. Prostitution is a bad thing, but not the worst in the
world by a long shot, better to sin openly and fearlessly, than from
under the mantle of religion.

So much by way of a sermon.
Mrs. Sydney and Hammond had become very thick together,
and, had I been inclined to jealousy, I would have had ample cause;
but I was of an easy-going disposition, and did not see everything
that came before my eyes; blindness is often convenient, especially
when one is dealing with a friend who is not to be trusted.

"See what I have clipped from a London paper," said Mrs. Sydney
to me one morning.
The advertisement related to herself, and ran as follows:
"Twenty pounds will be paid for information leading to the arrest
of one Mrs. Sydney, late boarding-house keeper, at No. — Pall Mall.
All communications to be made to J. B. Ratton, Oxford street, or to
Robert Morris, Jeweller, Pall Mall."

"Poor Ratton, he used to be in love with me,"
"Poor Morris, come out of a fine hunting watch and four-years'
rent. Never was Jeweller so unfortunate."
"They've patched the matter up between them, it seems."
"Yes, agreed to share the misfortune equally."
"By the way," Barney—she always called me Barney when she
had anything important in view—did you purchase that ring from
Mr. Morris?"

"No, it was given me by an old friend."
"How it sparkles! I have often admired it, and have grown as
much accustomed to seeing it every day as to seeing you. You
would be almost incomplete without it."

"I would not part with it for anything, but I have grown as
much accustomed to seeing it every day as to seeing you. You
would be almost incomplete without it."

"What is the meaning of the cross encircled by a wreath? that
was not put on for ornament."
"I am as ignorant of the reason as yourself—my friend cherished
it highly, and it is valuable to me as a memorial of him. The work-
manship is certainly curious, and, for all I know to the contrary, it
may be connected with some old society now extinct."

"I have forgotten to tell you that after the duel between Temple-
ton and Lord Mowbray which grew out of your visit to Mrs. Hip-
pocrit, that woman came to me, and made many inquiries about
yourself and the identical ring you are now wearing."

"Indeed!"
"She said it belonged to her former husband, and she thought you
might give her some intelligence of his death."

"Mrs. Hippocrit mentioned something of the same sort to me, but I
convinced her that it was a mistake on her part. People get
strange ideas into their heads—there are we, both, bothering ourselves
concerning a bauble which is as plain and simple as the one of your
own finger."

"Very true, and yet there is something singular about it—the dia-
mond seems to be alive, as it were, and flashes much brighter than
an ordinary one."

"I see how it is. Mrs. Sydney, you've taken a fancy to the jewel,
and what is to be satisfied until I've made you a present of it."
She looked mightily willing to take me at my word, and I left the
room to avoid further remarks on the subject.

It was now October, and the weather was very cold and inclement.
One night, about 11 o'clock, Hammond and I entered the back
parlor; there was no bar kept, but wines might be always obtain-
ed when wanted. We acted merely as casual patrons of the house,
mixing with the visitors, and all assuming no authority. Mrs. Sydney
had, apparently, the entire control of its destinies, but if she be-
came involved in any trouble, we were always on hand to assist.

"I have a slight mystery in my mind," said Hammond, "one of the
girls, when Ned came quickly to the spot, and motioned me to go
out with him. We ascended the stairs to my usual sleeping apart-
ment."

"Sydney and Montcherie are in the front parlor," he began.
"Impossible!"
"True as gospel, and the former is playing tender to Amelia Barry;
they are talking of deserting together, and I have no doubt, and it's
my opinion there's a squall brewing."

"The actor's wife would have recognized him."
"He's an adept in the costume line, but I saw through the brow-
wig and bushy whiskers."
"What can be their object?"
"The Brookline is after his dollars—Sydney after his son."

"They would not be so foolish as to attempt violence here."
"Perhaps not, but if they stay all night, it would be easy to wring
something from Mrs. Sydney when there are none by to protect her
from their fury."

"Shall we put her on her guard?"
"It would be useless; women are so d-d shaky. Montcherie
would see through her at once, and shew off now, only to return
the next night, about 11 o'clock, Hammond and I entered the back
parlor; there was no bar kept, but wines might be always obtain-
ed when wanted. We acted merely as casual patrons of the house,
mixing with the visitors, and all assuming no authority. Mrs. Sydney
had, apparently, the entire control of its destinies, but if she be-
came involved in any trouble, we were always on hand to assist."

"I'll take charge of Sydney," said Ned, "you must attend to the
other."
"I don't like that arrangement—recollect how easily he mastered
me at the college."
"Pshaw! he will be at a disadvantage, and, if you are hard
pushed, I'll lead a hand, and leave the actor to his wife."

"She'll give me quarter if she gets him down."
"If Montcherie does not already suspect me of the burglary, his
eyes will be soon opened."

"And soon closed."
"They must be."
Our discourse was ended by the clattering of feet on the landing
outside, and we rushed precipitately into the closet. A man and a
woman came in—Sydney and Amelia Barry. One arm was thrown
lovingly around her neck, and she did not seem to be at all annoyed
by the familiarity.

"This is her room," she said, "it is the third from mine, and you
will easily find it again."
"Are you certain that Fagan and Hammond, (or Royal, as Mont-
cherie calls him) will not interfere with us?"

"There's nothing to be feared, if you make as little noise as
possible; they do not always sleep here, and have not been in the
house to-night."
"That is fortunate."
"Even if they do come, they are only two, and you can surely
manage them."

"There are very few men in the world whose bodily strength is
greater than that of Montcherie or my own; but, in contending
with Fagan and this Hammond, I confess I would be fearful of the
result."

"One is a mere boy, you know."
"Enough on that score, Amelia. You real character better
than I did—he is a boy in years, but a fiend in ingenuity."
"Your friend thinks it is Hammond that robbed him, then?"
"Who else could it be? Fagan was there, and they are insepara-
ble."

"Yes, it must have been him."
"Have you not been able to find out where Joseph is?"
"No, he is become as sharp as a knife, and don't treat me half
so kindly as formerly. She knows probably that I told you of her
presence in New York."

"But, how could she have discovered that?"
"I can't say, I'm sure, unless Fagan had a hand in it."
The plotters retired, and we again emerged from the closet. Ned
threw open the window; it was snowing heavily, and the ground
was as white and beautiful as a virgin's bosom; not a pedestrian
was to be seen as we looked up and down the thoroughfare; but a
negro had taken himself on the other side of the way, and was
gazing curiously at the house.

"What can that fellow be doing there?" inquired Ned.
Just then, the darkey's voice was heard, as if in response to the
question:
"Hot corn, hot corn!—he's your nice hot corn—smoking hot."

There is something inexpressibly sad and touching in this cry
when heard on a winter's night, but Hammond evidently did not
think so. In the levity of the moment he gathered a snow-ball from
the window-sill, and struck the man upon the head. He looked up.
"Hot corn, hot corn!"

Ned replied with a laugh and closed the window.
The negro, however, evinced no intention of seeking a better
market; every three or four minutes he dilated on the virtues of
his corn as if he was going to stay till morning.

Sounds of music and merriment from the parlor gradually
ceased, and the girls and guests sought their rooms; doors were
opened and slammed to, snatches of song and roars of laughter suc-
ceeded, then all became still and composed as in a charnel house.
The carnival of crime was over, and the revellers were dispersed.
There were at least twenty persons under that roof, and perhaps not
one but the keener in prayer to the giver of all good—not one thought
an instant of the only promised pleasure and debauchery.

"They are coming," and we once more took refuge in the recepta-
cle for shawls and dresses.
Mrs. Sydney entered first, and the tall figure of Montcherie fol-
lowed.

"Hot corn, hot corn!" cried the darkey in the street.
Mrs. Sydney placed the lamp upon the table; she expected nothing
but the presence of her customers.

"You are from the South," she said, "how I would like to spend
a few years there."
"How I would like to take you there," answered the gentleman.
"Are you married?"
"No, and I have no wish to marry."

"Why not?"
"It would be unbearable to be bound down to one woman for a
lifetime."
"And she might deem it unbearable to be bound down to one man
for a lifetime. It is certainly a rather unpleasant position to be
placed in."

"It is—very unpleasant."
"Hot corn, hot corn!" cried the darkey in the street.
If you come to me I'll use you well."

Strange words from such a source; it's more than the world would
do for him—"use him well."
"That negro is certainly very patient—I've heard him shouting
for nearly an hour. Poor fellow, I wonder why he stays out in the
cold!"

"Oh! niggers are used to all kinds of weather—they don't mind
it."
Mrs. Sydney had been removing her dress, and she now advanced
to the closet in which we were concealed, to hang it up. It was a
moment of intense anxiety—she opened the door her surprise
would betray us. But she had scarcely taken three steps before
another person entered on the scene in the person of her husband.
She turned at the noise, but Montcherie threw a blanket over her
head, and forced her to the floor.

"Make the slightest noise," he muttered, "and I'll kill you with-
out compunction."
He drew a dirk from his pocket and held it at her heart (or where
the heart is supposed to be) while the actor freed her from the folds
of the blanket.

"Hot corn, hot corn!" from the street.
"Woman, where is my son? Unless he is restored to me you will
not leave this room alive."
Hammond was becoming impatient but I restrained him, wishing
to test Mrs. Sydney's courage.

"Speak where is he?"
She hesitated, and the Brookline raised the dagger.
"Spare me, and I'll tell all."
"Be quick, we have no time for trifling."

"Hot corn, hot corn!" The darkey had evidently plenty of time.
In a shaking voice she made known the academy at which Joseph
was placed, Sydney regarding her with a look of blended scorn and
triumph.

"And now, the gold?"
"What do you mean?" inquired the terrified mother.
"The treasure carried off from Fairdale by Fagan and Reynal."
"I know nothing whatever about it."

This was the truth, as we had never entrusted her with the de-
tails of the burglary. The two friends imagined she was deceiving
them, and Montcherie threatened her with instant death unless
everything was disclosed. Her fears were now wrought to the
highest pitch, and, bursting from their grasp, she gave vent to
shriek upon shriek.

My companion could be restrained no longer; the door of the
closet flew open, and we rushed forth. Sydney was transfixed by
this unlooked-for coup d'état, and stood gazing at us, as we
arm stretched out to intercept his wife, the other resting on
the bed. This inactivity was fatal to him, for Ned rode his knife
up to the hilt in his side before the glance of surprise had faded
from his features.

"Hot corn, hot corn!" from the street.
Sydney was probably "hot" enough now.
Montcherie ceased to pursue the matter, and, beholding the fall
of his confederate, and that he was now outnumbered, dashed out
on the landing and down the stairs.

"After him," shouted Ned; "do not let him escape."
Away I went, clearing four steps at a time; he was already on the
sidewalk when I gained the hall, and I saluted unthinkingly on his
tracks. A man was coming up not two yards behind me whom I
concluded to be the murderer, and continued the chase. As we
turned into Houston street, I was knocked down, and rolled over in
the snow, unable to move hand or foot, though not insensible.

"Drag him into the carriage, Job."
"Yes, sah!" and the man, whom I now perceived to be a negro,
lifted me up roughly, and bore me to the perfect ease to a vehicle
drawn up on the opposite side of the way. I was tumbled in on the
back, and Montcherie and Job hopped in beside me. No wonder
the scoundrel was patient with such a name.

"Bad night for selling hot corn," he observed, "very bad."
TO BE CONTINUED.

A STRIKING PARALLEL.—The following striking parallel will be en-
joyed with unctious by all classes of readers, and is worthy of preserva-
tion:

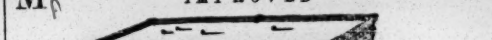
[From the Chicago Tribune.]
ABE LINCOLN.
Mr. Lincoln stands six feet four
inches high in his stockings.
His frame is muscular and wiry.
His arms are long, his lower
limbs are not disproportioned to
his body. He sits with his head
inclined forward. His head sits
well on his shoulders, and is
large and well proportioned, be-
tokening power in all its develop-
ment. A slightly Roman nose,
a wide open mouth and a dark
complexion, with the appearance
of having been weather beaten,
complete the description.

[From Bell's Life.]
TOM SAYERS.
Tom Sayers stands five feet
eight and a half in his stockings.
His frame is muscular and wiry.
His arms are long for his height,
and his lower limbs well propor-
tioned to his body. His head,
which he carries a little forward,
is set well on his shoulders,
and his neck shows great power.
His nose would be Roman, but
for the blow that have beaten
it and spread it to his face; his
mouth is large and seamed with
old cuts, and his complexion is a
dark olive.

It has been justly said that the similarity of the men is com-
plete, and the parallel will end on the first Tuesday of November
next.

PARISIAN SPORTSMEN.—Two sporting clubs, the Grand and St.
Hubert, have just celebrated their union by a banquet. Your
French sportsman is an old character. You rarely meet so pleasant
a specimen as Thackeray's immortal M. de Florio (in the "New-
comes"). Indeed, they partake rather of Mr. Pickwick's sporting
protege, Mr. Winkle. At this banquet there were some curious
Gallic sportsmen, including M. Bombonelli, the slayer of panthers.
Jules Gerard, the lion killer, was not present. Perhaps the com-
bined "bags" of both these famous French sportsmen would hard-
ly content Mr. Gordon Cumming after a week's ramble in the bush;
any of our Italian officers, after a few days in the jungle. Jules
Janin made a capital speech. He told the sports men that he hoped
they would encounter few tigers but "beaucoup de lions et de
biches; et si vous ne trouvez pas de cerfs, vous êtes capables d'en faire."
Need you be told that this allusion was received with deafening
applause by the all-sufficient sportsmen.

Books, "Books," Books.—NOTICE.—REMOVAL.—The rapid increase
of our business has obliged us to remove from our former location,
76, to the new MARBLE BUILDINGS, which have just been erected at
86 Nassau street, to which our readers will please direct all orders
for Books and other articles—any orders that may have been sent
to 76 will reach us, as our Post Office Box obviates any miscarriage
of letters. With our increased facilities, we are enabled to attend to
all orders for Books, Cards, Prints, Sporting articles and merchandise
of any and every description, (large or small), with the utmost
promptness, forwarding the same on the day received, and packed
in the most compact and substantial manner, at the lowest market
price, post paying all books and articles sent by mail. Any book
you see advertised no matter where, or by whom published, enclose
the price in cash, or stamps, to our address, and you will receive
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logue, write—we pay postage. If you wish to know the price of
any article of merchandise or any book you may be in want of,
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